For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:
VVhat priseleſſe wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at ſuch high proud rate,
That Kings might be eſpowſed to more fame,
But King nor Peere to ſuch a peereleſſe dame.

O happineſſe enioy'd but of a few,
And if poſſeſt as ſoone decayed and done:
As is the morning ſiluer melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakelie fortreſt from a world of harmes.

Beautie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade,
The eies of men without an Orator,
VVhat needeth then Apologie be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſinguler?
Or why is Colatine the publiſher
Of that rich iewell he ſhould keepe vnknown,
From theeuiſh eares becauſe it is his owne?

Perchance

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raignti
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a King:
For by our eares our hearts oft taynted be
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing
Brauing compare, diſdainefully did ſting
His high picht thoughts that meaner m
That golden hap which their ſuperiors

But ſome vntimelie thought did inſtigate,
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſ
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtat
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glo
O raſh falſe heate, wrapt in repentant c
Thy haſtie ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere gr

VVhen at Colatium this falſe Lord ariued
VVell was he welcom'd by the Romaine c
VVithin whoſe face Beautie and Vertue ſt
VVhich of them both ſhould vnderprop h
VVhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh
VVhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpi
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer